

KILLING JACK

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: LONDON 1888

Whitechapel. A run down, working class area. The streets are cobbled in places, trodden dirt in others. Alleyways are claustrophobic and dark.

Sounds of a struggle come from one of these alleys. A woman is whimpering and trying to call for help but her cries are muffled.

JACK, a nondescript man, dressed all in black, his face obscured by the shadow of a large cap, kneels over a prone woman, his gloved hand over her mouth.

ANNIE CHAPMAN, 47, a thin prostitute is struggling for her life. Her punches and slaps weaken against the man's strength.

He reaches behind him and produces a long thin knife. He slices her throat deeply as fountains of blood splatter over him.

Her struggles cease as her arms collapse beside her.

Jack's breathing hard and there is a constant incoherent mumble coming from him as he starts to mutilate Annie's body.

He eventually finishes and stands holding a piece of organ in his hand. He places it in his pocket and calmly walks away without a backward glance.

Moments later, JOHN DAVIS, 50, walks around the corner of the alley and towards the body. As he draws closer he slows, uncertain of what he sees. A sudden realisation that it's the body of a woman hits him and he starts screaming loudly for help.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

LIBBY PARSONS, 25, COCKNEY, a plain looking, mousy, shy housemaid with brown hair tied in a bun, is on her knees in a Victorian townhouse scrubbing the wooden floor. A true East-end Londoner, she takes pride in her work.

The kitchen is large with windows along one wall and a substantial wooden table stands in the centre. It's packed with fresh fruit, vegetables and brown paper wrapped packages.

She straightens up and arches her back, easing the tension. The back of her arm mops sweat from her brow. She sighs as she drops the scrubbing brush into a bucket beside her.

Water splashes from the bucket onto the floor leaving a wet, foamy mess. Sighing again she reaches into the bucket, takes out the brush and starts scrubbing once more.

MRS DAVIES, 53, WELSH, an imposing, buxom woman, carrying more brown paper packages, charges into the kitchen with a determination.

Davies heads straight to the table past Libby and dumps the packages on the table.

DAVIES

It's happened again. I heard his nibs chatting to Mr Spencer in the lounge. There's been another horrible murder.

Looking over at Libby she sees she is hard at work.

DAVIES (CONT'D)

Don't forget to get right under the table, you know how fussy Mr Spencer gets when he does his morning inspection.

Libby barely hears her as she concentrates on a stain on the wood.

Davies starts to unwrap the packages and making herself busy around the kitchen.

DAVIES (CONT'D)

I thought to myself, "That's the second one in a week" just as the fishmonger rattled the back door. Oh by the way, it's fish for dinner tonight, you might want to make a start on peeling the spuds soon.

Libby looks up from where she's kneeling with quizzical look on her face.

LIBBY

I'm sorry Mrs Davies, what did you say?

Davies stops at the table and looks at Libby.

DAVIES

About what dear?

LIBBY

Did you mention something about spuds and murder?

DAVIES

Yes, weren't you paying attention? It's fish for dinner tonight, we'll need the potatoes peeling.

LIBBY

What about the murder?

MRS DAVIES

Oh yes, come here and I'll tell you what I know.

Davies pulls two chairs from under the table, Libby gets up from her knees and sits beside her.

DAVIES (CONT'D)

Well from what I heard Mr. Gordon tell Mr. Spencer, there's been another mutilation over Whitechapel way.

LIBBY

No. What happened?

DAVIES

She had all her limbs cut off, legs, arms and even her head. Blood was all over the place, even on a cat that was watching the whole thing.

Libby looks shocked at the story. Davies takes her hand.

LIBBY

Nooooo. Who could do such a thing?

DAVIES

It could only be a mad man, my dear. Or the work of the devil, may the good Lord protect us.

Davies hastily performs the sign of the cross, Libby hesitantly does the same.

LIBBY

People are murdered all the time around there, why is she so different?

DAVIES

It's not the woman, it's the manner in which she was taken, hacked to bits like a piece of meat. Mind I told you about that woman last week? Same thing.

Libby looks thoughtful and scared. She nods slowly.

LIBBY

These things terrify me Mrs Davies, the thought of someone doing harm to another just fills me with dread. I wish George were here to take me home now.

DAVIES

Oh Libby my dear, don't you worry, the murders have happened miles away, you've nothing to worry about.

LIBBY

That's easy for you to say, you only live a few streets away with your family, there's only me and George and we live on the other side of Whitechapel, I have to walk through it to get to my house.

Davies suddenly looks a little concerned as Libby becomes pale.

DAVIES

Maybe we can arrange to get George to meet y.....

SPENCER (O.S.)

What's going on here?

They both turn suddenly to see MR SPENCER, 60, SCOTTISH, an upright, immaculately presented from head to toe BUTLER walk purposefully into the kitchen.

DAVIES

Oh Mr Spencer, you gave me a little fright there, we were just discussing recent events.

Spencer walks over to the sink and turns a tap, taking a glass from a cupboard he fills the glass and drinks some of the water.

SPENCER

Which events? The murder in Whitechapel? Have you been eavesdropping again? You know Mr and Mrs Gordon hate the thought of the staff spying on them, should I be reporting this?

DAVIES

Not at all you preposterous man, I happened to overhear you after I took delivery of the salmon.

LIBBY

Is it true Mr Spencer? The story?
Was all the woman's limbs and
head hacked off?

Mr Spencer looks over at Libby and sees her worrying. He softens slightly.

SPENCER

No Miss Parsons they were not,
but some people
(He throws a glance towards
Davies)
Like to make things up to make a
tale more interesting. You look
like you could use a drink.

LIBBY

I don't take alcohol Mr Spencer,
I don't like the hangovers.

SPENCER

Here, take this.

He hands Libby the glass of water, she takes a large gulp and places the glass on the table.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Although in this instance she
wasn't too far from the truth. Mr
Gordon showed me the article in
the newspaper, it appears it was
a ghastly business.

LIBBY

Do you think the murders will go
on? I have to walk through
Whitechapel alone unless my
George can meet me.

Spencer looks at Libby and now sees genuine fear etched on her face. He walks over and lays a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

SPENCER

The police will catch him before
he kills anymore people, I'm sure
there's no need to worry. Me
however you should be most afraid
of.

Spencer straightens up to full height, straightens his jacket and points to the stain on the floor.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Why is last nights soup stain
still marking the floor?

With a quick flurry of activity, Libby jumps to her feet and returns quickly to her bucket while Davies grabs the glass and scurries to the sink to wash it.

LIBBY

I'm sorry Mr Spencer, I'll have this cleaned in a moment and then I'll make a start on the peeling.

Libby starts scrubbing again while Spencer throws a warning glance to Davies who suddenly finds great focus on washing the dishes.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Chief Inspector FRED ABBERLINE, 45, a career policeman with a large handlebar moustache, sits in his office behind his desk looking over papers. Not tall nor imposing but analytical and methodical, he scans every report he reads.

He looks tired, his eyes red rimmed as he places another report down and lifts the next one.

Detective Constable WILLIAM DEW, 28, tall, bearded, enters the room holding a cup and a sheaf of papers. He stands opposite Abberline.

DEW

Sir.

Abberline ignores him until he finishes the report he is reading then he looks up at Dew.

ABBERLINE

What is it Dew, can't you see I'm busy?

DEW

Couple of things sir, firstly a cup of tea, you look all in if you don't mind me saying.

Dew places the cup on the table and Abberline looks at it for a moment before gratefully taking a drink. Placing the cup well away from the reports, he looks at Dew.

ABBERLINE

Thank you, you make a decent cuppa, it's exactly what I need right now. What's the second thing?

Dew holds up the sheaf of papers.

DEW

The Annie Chapman post mortem report sir, just came in.

ABBERLINE
Is it as bad as the last one?

DEW
I haven't read it myself sir, but
the accompanying note from Doctor
Baxter makes it clear that it's
worse.

Abberline places the cup on his desk and rubs his nose.

ABBERLINE
(sighing)
It only took the coroner three
days. Ok, let's see it.

Dew hands over the documents and Abberline starts reading.

ABBERLINE (CONT'D)
This might take a while, why
don't you go get some tea for
yourself, I'll be finished in an
hour.

DEW
Yes sir.

Dew leaves as Abberline stares intently at the page.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Dew sits chatting with some police officers in a large room
filled with desks.

Abberline appears at the door.

ABBERLINE
Dew, come to my office and bring
all the information we have on
the Mary Nichols murder.

Abberline leaves as Dew throws a look at his colleagues and
walks away.

Abberline returns to his office and picks up the post mortem
report and goes over it again.

Dew enters a short while later carrying a box full of
reports, he places it on Abberline's desk.

DEW
Sir.
(Beat)
Sir?

Abberline eventually looks up at Dew.

ABBERLINE

Have a seat.

Dew pulls over a seat and sits opposite Abberline.

ABBERLINE (CONT'D)

I've been looking at these two post mortem reports and there are some similarities between the two cases.

DEW

You mean other than them both being women sir?

Abberline throws a look of disdain towards Dew.

ABBERLINE

I hear you have a decent prospect of being a good detective, don't let stupid comments like that cloud your ability to think objectively.

Dew looks suitably ashamed.

DEW

I'm sorry sir.

Abberline ignores the apology.

ABBERLINE

As I was saying, there are wounds that have been inflicted that seem to have been done by the same person.

DEW

How so?

ABBERLINE

Read the reports. Both women had their throats cut from their left to their right.

Abberline hands over the two coroners reports.

ABBERLINE (CONT'D)

Both had their abdomens sliced open, were in their forties and were prostitutes.

DEW

Could be a coincidence sir, murdered whores are hardly rare in these parts.

ABBERLINE

True, but the nature of the injuries are too similar, coupled with the fact that their throats seemed to both been cut by someone who is left handed.

DEW

Couldn't the killer have just stood behind them? Slit their throats from the back?

ABBERLINE

Now you're thinking like a proper detective, examining all the possibilities. And yes, that is one scenario, but the reports contradict it.

DEW

How so?

ABBERLINE

The blood splatter on the walls, they were only two feet from the ground. Had they been standing, the splatter would have started around five feet judging by the height of the women. That for me is too much coincidence, it's purposeful. And there's one more thing.

Abberline gets up from behind his desk and paces the room.

ABBERLINE (CONT'D)

The murder weapon, from both reports they are long, thin blades. I think the first murder, Nichols, was practice, the second one, Chapman, was his first true victim.

DEW

Are you sure it's a "he" sir?

ABBERLINE

This type of murder takes physical strength, stands to reason the killer is a man, and he's only going to get worse as he gets better at his task.

(Beat)

He won't stop.

DEW

What task sir?

ABBERLINE

The mutilation of women. I just don't know why and at this moment, I don't know who. But we can start narrowing down our suspect list.

DEW

By looking for someone who is left handed.

ABBERLINE

A left handed man with a hatred for prostitutes.

Dew looks at the reports again then up at Abberline who is now standing staring out the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - EVENING

Libby closes the back door to the townhouse and starts making her way through streets filled with people going about their business, vendors, horse drawn carriages and all things associated with Victorian.

After a while, she passes through Whitechapel. As she passes the Ten Bells pub, a man watches then follows her.

There is a palpable tension in the air now, voices are hushed and people hurry around.

Libby is unaware she is being watched. Her follower watches which way she is going then darts down a darkened alley. The night is closing in.

The streets begin to empty as darkness falls. Libby starts walking faster, now fearful of every sound and shadow. She quickly turns the corner and walks straight into the man who was following her. She looks up terrified and screams.

The few remaining people on the street quickly glance over towards them.

The man, GEORGE WATKINS, 28, medium build with short hair and workman's clothes stands in Libby's way. He grabs her upper arms.

GEORGE

Libby, it's me, calm down. Stop screaming.

Libby stops screaming and looks up at George, tears in her eyes and huge sigh of relief escaping from her lips.

LIBBY
George, you idiot, you frightened
me half to death.

She slumps into his arms as he embraces her.

GEORGE
(Laughing)
I'm sorry, I saw you at the Bells
and thought I'd walk you home, it
was just a little giggle.

LIBBY
You know fine what's happening
around here, I could have died of
fright.

GEORGE
I'm sorry my lovely, come on,
let's get you home, I won't let
any madman get near you.

He places his arms protectively around her shoulders as they
both start walking home.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBBY'S HOUSE - LATER

A modest house with a main room/kitchen and an offset
bedroom. A small hallway leads to the front door.

In the kitchen, Libby stands at the cooker while a topless
George washes at the sink in cold water.

He takes a towel from a small stand beside the sink and dries
himself. Walking over to Libby he looks at what she's cooking
and deeps a deep sniff.

GEORGE
Smells good, what kind of fish
it?

LIBBY
It's the left over form last
nights salmon from the house, I'm
just adding some small potatoes
and herbs to flavour.

George goes to drawer and removes some cutlery and starts
laying the small table in the kitchen.

GEORGE
Why don't you ask Mrs Davies for
some lessons, you're a great
cook, with a little training, you
could run your own kitchen one
day.

LIBBY

Oh George don't tease, you know I'm not the asking type, I'm a scullery maid and I like my job. There's more to running a kitchen than cooking and I'm not that good at keeping finance.

GEORGE

You do fine enough for us, like I said, a little training and you'll get used to it.

Libby starts spooning the food from the pan to the plates beside her.

George sits at the table.

Libby brings the food over and sits opposite him. They start eating.

LIBBY

Maybe you're right, but not right now.

GEORGE

What's worrying you? You've been jumpy since I met you this afternoon.

LIBBY

It's just these murders in Whitechapel, they're playing on mind is all.

GEORGE

Has Mrs Davies been filling your head with nonsense again?

Libby stops eating and pushes her plate away, her appetite lost.

LIBBY

Not really, she's just been telling me about those poor wretches who got killed, proper gruesome it sounds. I don't know if I want to work that far away from the house, it's a long walk home through those little, horrible stinky streets where they were killed.

George finishes eating and ponders a moment.

GEORGE

It's a good job you have there, it brings the money in and the Gordons seem to treat you right.

LIBBY

I love it there, the staff are good to me and yes, the Gordons do well by me. But I'm scared George.

George gets up and walks around to Libby, he squats beside her.

GEORGE

I don't want you to be scared my lovely, what if I came to meet you after work and walked you home? Would that help?

Libby doesn't look too sure but eventually, slowly nods her head.

LIBBY

That sounds good my darling, but it's a long walk for you there and back.

GEORGE

That doesn't bother me, I's do anything for my little princess.

He kisses her gently and goes back to his seat.

GEORGE

I finish work at six, I'll be at the Gordon's house for seven, can you wait there for me?

Libby just nods.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

It's settled then. This will be done soon enough any way, the police will catch him.

LIBBY

I suppose you're right.

GEORGE

However long it takes, I'll come for you.

George reaches towards Libby's plate.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Can I finish this?

CUT TO:

INT. ABBERLINE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Abberline and his wife MARTHA, 40, an attractive plump woman, sit eating breakfast at opposite ends of a dining table in silence.

Abberline finishes his meal and looks at Martha for some time. There is a noticeable tension between them.

Abberline eventually has to speak.

ABBERLINE

Martha, we need to talk about this.

Martha finishes her breakfast and looks directly back at him.

MARTHA

I've nothing more to say on the subject.

ABBERLINE

Well I do, this affects us both.

MARTHA

You're not the one dying, how does it affect you?

ABBERLINE

Don't say that, you know this has an impact on us both, I don't know how I'll manage when you're gone.

Martha gets up from the table and starts collecting the dishes.

MARTHA

I'm sorry Fred, I'm just having trouble dealing with this, I shouldn't take it out on you.

Abberline walks over to her and hugs her.

ABBERLINE

I'm sorry too, I know you're going through a hard time, but I'm here with you, every step of the journey. Sit with me.

They both head back to the table this time sitting together. Martha takes a handkerchief from her sleeve.

ABBERLINE (CONT'D)

When the doctor diagnosed you, I knew our time was limited.
(MORE)

ABBERLINE (CONT'D)

I've tried to be a good husband,
but I've struggled with this, I
throw myself into work to take my
mind off losing you.

MARTHA

Do you regret marrying me so
quickly after diagnosis?

ABBERLINE

Not one second, it was the best
decision I've ever made.

Martha looks into his eyes with love and suddenly starts coughing. She holds the handkerchief to her mouth and when she takes it away, flecks of blood cover the tissue.

Abberline notices and his eyes well up with tears.

ABBERLINE

I just can't bear the thought of
you dying.

MARTHA

I don't want to leave you Fred,
but we've prepared for the moment
I pass. You're a strong man, in
time, you'll manage. Time is the
greatest healer you have.

ABBERLINE

I'll never heal from the wound
you leave when you.....

Martha presses her finger to his mouth to quiet him.

MARTHA

Shhhh. Don't say anymore. We have
some time yet, we should make the
most of what we have.

Abberline merely nods and hugs Martha who squeezes him back.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Abberline marches through the station straight to his office.
He looks at the piles of papers on his desk and pauses.

He rubs at his red rimmed eyes, signs of his crying.

Dew chaps on Abberline's open door.

DEW

Do you have a minute sir?

Abberline waves him in and goes to his desk.

ABBERLINE

Come on in, anything to report on the murder of the two prostitutes?

DEW

Our enquiries are ongoing sir but there has been a couple of leads that we're following up.

ABBERLINE

Go on.

DEW

I've spoken with the two coroners sir, they seem to think the killer has a degree of anatomical knowledge of either human or animal.

Abberline's interest is piqued.

ABBERLINE

That makes sense, to be able to remove an organ it must be a man of medicine, that seems most likely, but a vet? Or maybe a butcher? They would know their way around a carcass. Have you started interviewing yet?

DEW

We've widened our investigation to include those groups sir, but it's taking time. It's been two weeks since the Chapman murder and we're not getting much further than the theory stage.

ABBERLINE

Have a team cross check the names of the ones you interview with known criminals. Something might come up that presents us with a suspect.

DEW

Yes sir.

ABBERLINE

Dismissed Dew.

Dew turns to leave but hesitates and turns back.

Abberline goes back to the reports.

DEW

One more thing sir.

Abberline looks up from his desk

ABBERLINE

Yes?

DEW

Are you alright sir? You look like you've been awake for days.

Abberline ponders for a moment then lets out a huge sigh.

ABBERLINE

My wife is dying of tuberculosis, she only has weeks to live.

Dew is visibly shocked at the news.

DEW

I'm so sorry sir, I didn't know. Didn't you only get married a few weeks ago?

ABBERLINE

Yes, she was diagnosed before we married. I thought it was the best thing to do.

DEW

If you need to take time off I'm sure the commissioner would understand.

ABBERLINE

I've spoken to him already and he's offered to give me some time, but I need this Dew. I need to be able to focus on something other than my wife dying. And as morbid as it may seem, if I can't save her, I can concentrate my time trying to save other women from the deaths Nichols and Chapman suffered. Do you understand?

Dew nods.

DEW

I think so sir. If you need anything, from myself, or the lads, just let us know.

Abberline stands and walks around to shake Dew's hand.

ABBERLINE

Thanks William, but all I need from you all is to do your job, I want this man behind bars or hung from the nearest tree as quickly as possible.

DEW

Yes sir.

Dew walks from the office as Abberline returns to his desk.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Davies is in the kitchen cooking.

Spencer supervises two maids scrubbing the outside steps.

Libby moves through the house picking items up and cleaning them. She lifts two silver candlesticks, tries to clean them then takes them to the kitchen.

LIBBY

Mrs Davies, these candlesticks, I can't get them cleaned properly, have we any cleansing wax?

Davies turns from her stove and waves towards a cupboard.

DAVIES

Have a look in there, I'm sure we have some polish that should do the trick.

Libby walks towards the cupboard and opens it. She takes a look at various tins then chooses one and walks to the table.

Taking two cloths from her pinafore pocket, she starts cleaning.

LIBBY

It's been two weeks since that woman was murdered, do you think it's stopped?

DAVIES

I hope so dear, the streets certainly seem safer, maybe the police caught him and they just never told us.

LIBBY

I hope so too, I've told George he doesn't need to come for me anymore.

DAVIES

Are you sure that's wise? The devil might still be out there.

LIBBY

I know, but I can see George getting tired, he's up early in the morning then coming for me in the evening. He's only getting a few hours sleep.

DAVIES

He's a good man Libby, you'll do well to marry him one day.

LIBBY

I will one day, but I don't know if I'm ready yet. This stain won't come off this candlestick.

Libby is spitting on the candlestick and scrubbing at it.

Davies moves from her stove and sits beside her.

DAVIES

Why do you say that? Do you love him?

LIBBY

Yes, of course I do, after all that's happened he's been great, it's just.....

DAVIES

Just what?

LIBBY

I'm not ready I don't think. He wants me to become a cook, he thinks I could run a kitchen one day.

DAVIES

And what's wrong with that?

LIBBY

I don't think I could do it, I can cook a little but to do what you do, I'm not that good with sums and stuff.

Libby stops scrubbing and looks up at Davies.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

I'm not cut out for it, I'm a maid and I'm happy at that.

DAVIES

You just lack a little confidence in yourself, I can teach you. I'll tell Mr Spencer you're my trainee, it'll be fine.

LIBBY

Do you think so? Do you think I could do it?

DAVIES

There's only one way to find out. We can get started tomorrow.

Davies pats Libby on the hand and goes back to the stove.

Libby starts polishing again.

Spencer enters.

SPENCER

Is there any tea going Mrs Davies?

DAVIES

There's some in the pot, just pour it yourself.

SPENCER

Thank you.

Spencer pours himself tea and notices Libby still cleaning the candlestick.

SPENCER

What are you doing Ms Parsons?

LIBBY

There's a spot on this candlestick Mr Spencer, I can't get it out with the polish. Do you think Mr Gordon would let me take it home? George has some stuff that brings out metal work a treat.

SPENCER

(Shaking his head)

I don't think so, Mrs Gordon doesn't like the silverware to leave the house.

LIBBY

I know that, but her big gathering is tomorrow night and I want everything to look just perfect.

Spencer considers this while he drinks his tea.

DAVIES

You can trust her Mr Spencer, you know she's not going to steal it.

LIBBY

I'll bring it right back tomorrow morning, I promise.

Spencer takes another sip of tea.

SPENCER

Okay, but just this once. And I have your promise that nothing will happen to it?

LIBBY

On my word sir, first thing tomorrow.

Spencer looks uncertain but nods in agreement.

SPENCER

First thing tomorrow then.

Davies returns to the table and sits.

DAVIES

There's one more thing, Libby is to be my apprentice.

Spencer splutters at his tea.

SPENCER

From when?

DAVIES

From tomorrow, she'll learn how to successfully run a kitchen.

SPENCER

(Mockingly)

Are we bringing in another cook?

DAVIES

Don't be nasty now Mr Spencer, it doesn't become you.

Libby laughs and suddenly notices the clock on the wall.

LIBBY

Is that the time? It's getting late. May I be excused Mr Spencer?

SPENCER

Of course, that's the cleaning done for today, I'll see you in the morning, don't forget to return the candlesticks.

Libby walks to a cupboard door and opens it. She removes her coat and bag and places the candlesticks inside the bag.

LIBBY
I won't. Goodnight Mr Spencer,
Mrs Davies.

Libby walks out into the night. The streets are thinning of people but some go about their business.

Clutching her bag tightly to her, she walks down familiar roads, taking the same path as previously.

As she passes the Ten Bells pub, a figure in the shadow watches her. Then follows.

She continues to walk oblivious to the danger and turns into a dark alleyway.

She is suddenly stopped when she bumps into the tall, dark, imposing figure of Jack.

Dressed all in black and his face obscured by a large cap, he looks down at Libby who stares back in a silenced shock.

He speaks and his voice is a menacing hoarse whisper.

JACK
Good evening young lady.

Libby starts to back away terrified.

JACK (CONT'D)
No need to be afraid, I saw you
walking alone and thought I
should escort you home.

Libby continues to back up

LIBBY
(Terrified)
I'm fine thank you sir, I'm
almost home, and my husband
usually meets me at the end of
the alley.

JACK
Does he now? Then I'll take you
down to the corner then.

Jack steps aside and moves his arm in a motion to allow Libby past.

Libby hesitantly moves forward and as she gets closer walks swiftly past.

In a couple of strides Jack catches up to her.

JACK (CONT'D)
 What is a nice girl like you
 doing out so late? Are you
 looking for a poke?

LIBBY
 No sir, I'm not like that.

She walks faster. Jack keeps pace.

JACK
 Really? Then what do you do?

LIBBY
 I'm a maid sir.

JACK
 A maid? I ain't never had a maid
 before.

Jack suddenly lunges at Libby and drags her into a small yard off to the side of the alley. His gloved hand clamps over her mouth.

Libby struggles, punching scratching and kicking but Jack ignores the hits. He slams her against a fence knocking the wind from her. She drops her bag by her feet and a candlestick rolls out.

Libby is stunned by the impact and disorientated but she weakly fights on.

Jack punches her hard to the side of her head and she stops fighting, dazed, her hands drop to her side. She looks up at him and into his fiery red eyes.

JACK (CONT'D)
 I think I'm in the mood for some
 liver tonight.

He drops her and she collapses onto the ground.

Jack leans over her and removes his cap. He is horribly disfigured, his nose is missing the tip, scars criss cross his face, his ears are like pulp, only his eyes remain untouched.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Aren't I pretty young maid? Am I
 not the most handsome man in the
 world? Would you let me poke you?
 Would you? Saucy Jack is in need
 of a little fun.

Libby hands are weak as she fumbles around on the ground. She can barely whisper.

LIBBY
 No.....please, no.

Jack reaches behind him and takes out his long thin knife.

JACK

No point in begging my lovely,
I'll be having my way with you
very shortly, right after I.....

Jack slumps to the side as the weight of a Silver candlestick crashes against his skull. He lets out a gargled wail.

The candlestick falls from Libby's now limp hand. She slowly gets up as Jack writhes on the ground.

Stumbling, Libby makes her way to the alley, she tries to scream but no sound comes.

In the darkness behind her, the dark figure of Jack rises from the ground.

She turns to see him shake his head to clear the fogginess that has enveloped him.

Clinging to the wall, Libby half staggers down the alley, trying as fast as she can to escape. Jack lurches forward and grabs for her coat. Libby is momentarily halted as the force of the grab pulls her back, she panics again and shakes herself out of the coat, leaving Jack holding it. He shouts in anger, an incoherent rant.

At the end of the alley figure appears and looks down towards a sound. The figure peers into the darkness unable to make anything out, uncertain, the figure turns to walk away.

Libby tries to scream but only croaks. She hears Jack closing on her again and without looking behind, she quickens her pace as best as she can, falling against the wall repeatedly.

Jack reaches out grabs her hair, Libby finally finds her voice and a loud piercing scream fills the night air.

The figure at the end of the alley suddenly turns and the light from a lantern floods the alley, the shrill sound of a police whistle is heard blowing repeatedly. The figure runs down the alley toward Libby, it's a POLICEMAN, CONSTABLE STEWART, 20s.

STEWART

Police. Stop.

Jack turns to flee.

The policeman quickly catches up to Libby and stops.

STEWART (CONT'D)

Are you ok Miss?

Libby nods and starts to cry, the policeman continues to blow on his whistle. He is quickly joined by two more officers.

STEWART (CONT'D)

That way, toward Bernier Street,
a man all in black, I'm sure I
saw a knife.

The two policemen start running in that direction The sound of multiple whistles now echo through the night.

The policeman puts his coat and arm around Libby and leads her out into the street where a small crowd has gathered from the nearby pub. Other policemen start to break the crowd up as they escort Libby away. She screams again.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABBERLINE'S HOUSE - MORNING

It's still dark outside as A POLICEMAN, CONSTABLE WILSON, 30, hammers on Abberline's front door.

Moments later Abberline opens the door, obviously very tired. He suddenly registers it a policeman at the door.

ABBERLINE

What is it constable?

WILSON

Sorry to disturb you sir,
Detective Constable Dew sent me
to fetch you, there's been
another attack.

Abberline looks back into the house and sighs heavily. He speaks in more of a whisper.

ABBERLINE

Thank you constable. Tell Dew
I'll be along shortly. Where is
the body?

WILSON

No body sir, she survived. She's
down at H division being
interviewed.

Abberline perks up at the news, but still talks in a whisper.

ABBERLINE

She lived? How? Where? What's her
condition? Never mind. I'll
interview her myself, keep her
comfortable and warm. Tell Dew
I'll be along within the hour.

Wilson salutes and hurrays off.

Abberline closes the door and rushes upstairs to open his bedroom. He enters quietly.

Martha is still asleep. Abberline gently wakens her.

ABBERLINE

Martha, Martha, I have to go to work.

Abberline starts to gather his clothes.

MARTHA

(Groggily)
What time is it?

ABBERLINE

It's just past five in the morning.

MARTHA

Why do you need to go in?
National emergency?

ABBERLINE

A woman survived an attack tonight, it might be related to the murders.

Martha starts coughing and Abberline hesitates.

ABBERLINE (CONT'D)

Are you ok? I can stay if you need me.

He goes to Martha's bedside and takes her hands.

Martha's coughing stops as abruptly as it started.

MARTHA

(Breathless)
I'm fine Fred, go.

ABBERLINE

Are you sure my love? Dew can handle things until I get there.

MARTHA

Yes I'm sure, go, you can maybe catch this man and let Whitechapel rest awhile. I'll be ok, just go.

Abberline looks at Martha with besotted love and leaves.

As he closes the bedroom door at his back he pauses and a tear drop escapes from his eye.

He leaves the house and rushes to H division police headquarters on foot. He goes to the front desk and speaks to the SERGEANT, 47.

ABBERLINE

Tell D.C. Dew I'm here and he's to find me in my office.

SERGEANT

Yes sir.

Abberline rushes to his office and lights a lantern. He starts to go through reports, finding what he needs he starts to walk to the door when Dew enters.

DEW

Sir, I'm happy to see you.

ABBERLINE

How is she? Is it a genuine attack? She's not just some street woman pretending is she?

DEW

She's shaken up sir but she should be ok. The doctor has seen her and there's no serious injury. And yes sir, it's genuine, one of our night patrols interrupted him in the act. We're still searching the area for him now.

ABBERLINE

Increase the search, bring in more men if needed. Take me to her.

Both men leave the room and go to where Libby sits in a room with Constable Stewart and a DOCTOR, 60s.

Libby sits at a table, staring into space.

ABBERLINE

How is she doctor?

DOCTOR

Obviously very shaken up, couple of bruises on her body and a lump on the side of her head, she have a belter of a shiner in the morning.

Abberline moves towards Libby but is stopped by the doctor's hand.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Go easy on her, she's had quite
the experience.

Abberline looks hard at the doctor and curtly nods. He pulls a chair from under the table and sits opposite Libby.

ABBERLINE
Miss?

DEW
Libby Parsons.

ABBERLINE
Miss Parsons, I'm Detective
Inspector Frederick Abberline,
how are you feeling?

Libby continues to stare barely moving.

Abberline looks at the doctor who shrugs.

ABBERLINE (CONT'D)
Would you like some water?

Libby nods.

Abberline indicates to Dew to go get the water. He goes to speak quietly with the doctor.

ABBERLINE (CONT'D)
She's still in shock.

DOCTOR
Well wouldn't you be if you'd
just survived that?

ABBERLINE
How long do you think she'll be
like this?

DOCTOR
Difficult to say, could be a
couple of hours, days, depends on
her character, how quickly she'll
be able to come back from this.

ABBERLINE
It better be soon, I need to stop
this madman before he kills
again. She could be the key to
catching him.

DOCTOR
 Don't push her too hard
 Inspector, or you might get
 nothing.

Abberline looks over at Libby.

Dew returns and puts a glass of water on the table.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 I have to go, good luck, if you
 need me again send a runner, I'll
 be at my surgery. Goodbye.

The doctor collects his bag and heads to the door. Abberline ignores him. Dew shakes his hand and nods his thanks.

Dew turns to face Abberline.

DEW
 Did she say anything sir?

ABBERLINE
 Nothing. Has she spoken since we
 brought her in?

DEW
 Nothing but her name. We don't
 even have the name of someone we
 could contact.

Abberline nods and goes back to sit opposite Libby.

Dew leans against the wall watching proceedings.

ABBERLINE
 Miss Parson, do you have someone
 we could fetch for you? A
 husband? A friend?

Libby slowly turns to look at Abberline. She speaks in a whisper.

LIBBY
 George.

ABBERLINE
 George. Good, George who? If we
 have his second name we can find
 him.

LIBBY
 George Watkins.

Libby takes a drink.

Abberline looks at Dew who is now taking notes.

ABBERLINE
George Watkins. That's excellent
Miss Parsons. Where does George
live?

Libby starts to slowly sob.

ABBERLINE
(gently)
I know this can be difficult for
you, but I'm sure George must be
worried about you by now. He must
be wondering where you are.

LIBBY
My poor George, he must be
worried sick.

Libby bursts into tears.

Abberline looks uncomfortable. He reaches into his pocket,
removes a handkerchief and hands it over to Libby.

LIBBY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry sir, it's the first
time I've thought of him.

ABBERLINE
If you give me his address we can
go get him for you.

Libby wipes her eyes and looks at Abberline for the first
time.

LIBBY
317 Friarscourt Lane, it's over
Stepney way.

ABBERLINE
We'll find it.

He looks at Dew who opens the door and issues instructions to
a policeman stationed outside the door.

ABBERLINE
I bet you could do with a cuppa
tea, I know I could. Do you want
one?

LIBBY
Yes. Please.

Dew leaves.

ABBERLINE
Do you work?

LIBBY

Yes sir, I'm a maid for Mr and Mrs Gordon, they live in the city.

ABBERLINE

Call me Fred. Do you like it?

LIBBY

Oh yes Fred, they're a fine couple, wealthy, but not uppity rich.

ABBERLINE

That's good, makes a difference if you like the people you work for doesn't it?

(Beat)

Where you working this morning?

Libby just nods and looks at her shoes.

Dew returns carrying a tray with tea and biscuits. He hands a cup to Libby and a plate of biscuits.

ABBERLINE (CONT'D)

Miss Parsons, may I call you Libby?

Libby nods.

ABBERLINE (CONT'D)

Libby, I know this is painful for you, but I need to ask you about what happened this morning.

LIBBY

I'm not sure what happened sir, Fred sir.

ABBERLINE

Fred is just fine. I don't want to upset you, but if I may, I can tell you what we think has happened and you can, maybe, fill in the gaps?

LIBBY

I'll try sir.

Libby turns in her seat and looks directly at Abberline. She is obviously scared.

ABBERLINE

Ok, what we know is that Constable Stewart here saw you in Priddy's Yard being assaulted by a man.

(MORE)

ABBERLINE (CONT'D)

What I want to do is go through what you did from leaving Mr Gordon's house until Stewart found you, do you think you would be fine with that?

LIBBY

Yes.

ABBERLINE

So you left the house and walked towards your own house, did you stop anywhere?

LIBBY

No sir.

ABBERLINE

Did you change your route home for any reason?

LIBBY

No sir.

ABBERLINE

When were you first aware of the man who attacked you?

LIBBY

At the same place where George scared me a couple of weeks ago.

ABBERLINE

George scared you?

LIBBY

He gave me a little scare one day when he surprised me walking home. Just after the Ten Bells pub.

ABBERLINE

So this man scared you just where George did?

LIBBY

Yes sir.

ABBERLINE

Did he speak to you?

Libby nods as if reliving the moment. She starts to gently cry again and she dabs her nose with the handkerchief.

LIBBY

He offered to walk me home but I said no. He was persistent though, forceful, demanding.

ABBERLINE

Then what did he say?

LIBBY

He started asking me about work, I told I was a maid and he said he'd never had a maid before and that's when.....

Libby bursts into tears again.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

...that's when he grabbed me and pulled me into the yard. He slammed me against the wall, I've never been so scared in my whole life.

Libby takes a sip of tea and composes herself.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

He punched me in the face and told me he fancied some liver tonight. He pulled out his knife and said something else, I'm trying to remember what he said.

ABBERLINE

You're doing great Libby, you're being very brave.

LIBBY

I reached out and I picked something up and hit him with it, as hard as I could. What did I hit him with? Was it a rock? No, couldn't have been, didn't feel like a rock. It was a.....candlestick. My God the candlesticks, I promised Mr Spencer I'd bring them back.

Libby starts crying again.

Abberline turns to Stewart.

ABBERLINE

Candlesticks?

STEWART

Two silver candlesticks where found at the scene sir.

ABBERLINE

(To Libby)

It's ok Libby. Libby, Libby, we found the candlesticks in the yard, it's ok, we have them. What happened next?

Libby looks momentarily relieved but then remembers her ordeal.

LIBBY

He fell over sir, I got up and tried to run but he caught me, I screamed and then he was gone. All I saw was light after he left.

Abberline looks at Stewart for confirmation, Stewart nods.

ABBERLINE

Do you remember what he looked like?

LIBBY

His face was scarred sir, all deformed and hideous, except his eyes, he had the most fierce-some red eyes you ever saw.

Libby just hangs her head.

ABBERLINE

You've done really well Libby, this description will make it easier for us to find him, we'll catch him. If you remember anything else please let me know.

Libby looks up at Abberline and smiles.

LIBBY

Yes Fred.

Abberline stands and walks to Dew.

ABBERLINE

Did you get all that?

DEW

Everything sir.

ABBERLINE

Excellent. Start cross referencing that description with known offenders. He's got to be in there somewhere.

Abberline goes to leave when a sudden shout from Libby stops him.

LIBBY

FRED!. I remember what he said to me in the alley, I remember, he told me his name, kinda, he called himself Saucy Jack.

Abberline and Dew look at each other in astonishment and both walk towards the door. Abberline leaves. Dew turns to Stewart.

DEW

Take care of her Constable, put her somewhere comfortable until this George fella arrives.

STEWART

Yes sir.

Dew leaves.

Libby starts crying again and places her head on the table.

CUT TO:

INT. A ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark until a match sparks and lights a candle, throwing light on a desk and chair. The desk is filled with blank paper and pens.

Two more candles are lit and they throw a little more light on the room. It's sparse. Apart from the desk and chair there is a bed.

Jack moves around the room, he is completely naked.

His body is a mass of scars, his face is never seen.

He sits at a table and his left hand lifts a pen and dips it in red ink.

He scribbles his first words on the page, "Dear Boss".

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITECHAPEL - DAY

Abberline and Dew are outside the Ten Bells pub.

Dew is holding a map of the area.

ABBERLINE

We'll use this pub as a focal point. From here we'll map the attacks and see if there is any kind of pattern. Ok, the first victim was killed in Buck's Row, about 1 mile east of here in Whitechapel.

Dew makes a note on the map.

ABBERLINE (CONT'D)

The second victim, Chapman, was killed half a mile west of here in Hanbury Street, Spitalfields.

Dew makes another mark on the map.

ABBERLINE (CONT'D)

Ms Parsons was attacked just south of here in Priddy's Yard. In each case the criminal managed to avoid detection apart from Ms Parson's case where he managed to avoid capture. He has to know these streets well, to be able to flit in and out of here he must know this place like the back of his hand.

DEW

Stands to reason he's local sir, but the people round here might not want to give him up, saying they're criminals themselves.

Abberline starts walking around the streets, Dew follows.

ABBERLINE

But there's the aroma of fear in the air Dew, the people are afraid.

DEW

(Mumbling under his breath)
That aroma might be horse shit.

Dew jumps over a pile of horse manure.

ABBERLINE

What did you say?

DEW

Nothing sir. Do you think if they knew who he was they'd hand him over?

Abberline stops and looks down a narrow alleyway.

ABBERLINE

I think they need to. Businesses will suffer, especially those that perform best at night. Pubs, gambling dens, prostitution and the such.

He continues his walk as Dew rushes to catch up.

DEW

But won't they carry on as usual?
The Gang Bosses wouldn't allow
them to close down.

ABBERLINE

Possibly not, but a lot of money
comes from these pursuits and if
the people are afraid to leave
the house, then no money would be
coming forthwith, so for the sake
of what is a bad business, it's
in the criminals best interests
to hand him over.

DEW

Then why haven't they sir?

Abberline suddenly stops and Dew nearly walks into him.

ABBERLINE

Because Detective Constable, the
people don't even know who he is.

He continues his walk.

ABBERLINE

And if the people don't know who
he is it helps us narrow down the
search.

DEW

How is that then sir?

ABBERLINE

Because he is either an expert in
evading authority which means he
has been trained to do so, or
he's a reclusive and hides from
people around here so he goes
unnoticed.

DEW

Or he might not live in the area.

Abberline stops and peers down another alley.

ABBERLINE

He know's these streets well
enough, we've just walked from
the pub to the site of the first
murder and it's a warren of tiny
streets, closes and yards. To get
around here without being seen
means you know this place, you've
walked these streets for years.
No Dew, we're looking for a local
lad.

A policeman, HAWKINS, 25, runs up to them, he's breathless from running.

HAWKINS

Inspector Abberline sir, you've to return to the station immediately, Commissioner's orders.

ABBERLINE

What's happened?

HAWKINS

It's him sir, he sent a letter in. Commissioner wants you back straight away to have a look at it.

Dew looks incredulously at Abberline and all three men break in a run.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

COMMISSIONER WARREN, 48, a broad, imposing ex-military man with a handlebar moustache paces Abberline's office.

Abberline and Dew are at the desk looking at the two pages of letter displayed before them.

Both are breathless from running.

WARREN

(Shouting)

This was delivered to the Central News Agency. He's given himself a name, Jack the Ripper.

(Quieter)

He is taunting us now Abberline, he's writing letters to the damn newspapers. Where are you in the investigation? Have you any prospects?

Abberline ignores him as he pours over the letter.

WARREN

(Shouting)

ABBERLINE.

Abberline is shaken from his concentration.

ABBERLINE

Sorry sir, I'll defer to Detective Constable Dew, he's leading the work on the streets.

Dew looks a little shocked at this but turns to face the Commissioner.

DEW

We have interviewed over one hundred people and are still knocking on doors, progress has been slow....

WARREN

Slow? If it goes any slower Dew it will start going backwards. Step up the pace, I want two hundred interviews completed in the next week. I want names. I want suspects, I want this man caught. Do you know the pressure I am under from the home office?

DEW

No sir, if we had more men we could increase our efforts and visibility on the streets.

WARREN

If that's what it takes I'll relocate men from F division.

Abberline looks up from the table.

ABBERLINE

Commissioner, come have a look at this.

Warren walks over to Abberline and looks down at the letters on the desk.

WARREN

What am I looking at?

ABBERLINE

This letter is a little messy but in reading, it has the tone of street talk but it's written with some degree of education.

WARREN

Most people have a degree of education, so what are you insinuating?

ABBERLINE

I'm not insinuating I'm speculating. In my opinion, whoever wrote this isn't from common stock, not as we understand it anyway. This man has a higher education behind him.

WARREN

Mind your tone Inspector, I'm still in charge here. Are you saying this madman is of good standing?

ABBERLINE

Not quite sir, but there is definitely something in this letter that tells me he is above average intelligence, is comfortable with letters, he is confident, arrogant and without fear. This is more than just a madman sir, this is a madman who thinks he is untouchable, uncatchable, unstoppable.

WARREN

So what do you intend to do with such a man, this, this Jack the Ripper?

Abberline looks at Warren with a grim determination.

ABBERLINE

End him.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITECHAPEL - DAY

It's a bright sunny day and Libby is walking through the crowded streets. She stops at a flower seller and smells the flowers.

As she chats to the seller, she sees George emerging from the Ten Bells pub. He doesn't see her. She waves and shouts for him.

LIBBY

George. GEORGE.

He still doesn't hear her. She starts to walk through the crowds towards him.

She walks faster but he doesn't seem to get any closer.

The brightness begins to darken.

Libby begins to sense something is wrong.

LIBBY

George, I'm here, come get me.

The crowds suddenly disappear and it becomes dark. George is the only one visible. Libby starts to run towards him. She screams

LIBBY

GEORGE.

He looks towards her but says and does nothing. She panics and runs faster.

Suddenly she is grabbed from behind and spun around. She sees a horrific sight.

Her attacker has a scarred face, nose and lips are missing and the eyes are on fire.

She tries to fight him off but she is too weak.

The figure raises a hand and a long thin knife is raised high above its head.

Libby squirms and screams, she turns her head to see George running towards her. She screams.

LIBBY

GEORGE.

The figure's hand slowly lowers towards her neck.

GEORGE

Libby. Libby.

Blood suddenly gushes from Libby's neck, she gurgles a cry.

GEORGE

(Shouting)

LIBBY.

Blood spurts from Libby's neck as her eyes begin to glaze over. Darkness envelopes her.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Libby, Libby.....

Libby opens her eyes and suddenly screams. She sits up suddenly in her own bed with George leaning over her.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(Anxious)

Libby, wake up, wake up my love.

She looks blankly at him then suddenly starts crying. She collapses against him.

LIBBY

Oh George, what's happening to me?

GEORGE

It was just a bad dream darling.
He can't hurt you here.

LIBBY

I'm so afraid, I know he'll get me one day.

GEORGE

No he won't my love, the police will catch him now. And he'll have to get past me to get to you.

LIBBY

I hope you're right, I'm scared to leave the bloody house.

George goes to the table, opens a drawer and removes a handkerchief which he hands to her.

GEORGE

I'm here for you Libby, we'll take one small step at a time. At least Mr Gordon has given you some time to recover.

She dries her eyes and wipes her nose.

Lying back on the bed she sigh's.

LIBBY

Yes, that was nice of him. It was kind of Mrs Spencer and Mr Davies to drop past to see me too.

GEORGE

Although I think Mr Davies was just here to check you hadn't taken those candlesticks.

Libby allows herself a little laugh.

LIBBY

Probably knowing him, but still, it was nice. What am I to do? I can't go on being scared.

GEORGE

I'm not sure, do you think the docs could give you seething for it?

LIBBY

I don't want to become stuck on medication, I've seen what laudanum can do to people.

GEORGE

Maybe not something that strong, but just something to help you sleep a little.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)
 You might feel a whole lot better
 after a good nights sleep.

LIBBY
 That would be good, I'm
 absolutely knackered since it
 happened.

GEORGE
 Then we'll head down first thing
 Monday. For now, do you fancy a
 cuppa tea?

Libby just nods as George heads off.

CUT TO:

INT. ABBERLINE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Martha lies on the bed covered in sweat and delirious.

Abberline sits beside his wife wiping her brow. He tries to
 get her to drink something. She refuses.

Abberline gets up from the chair and walks to the window. He
 looks out at the world and rubs his bloodshot eyes. Staring
 for a few minutes, he hears mumbled cries from Martha.

Returning to the bed, Abberline takes Martha's hand and as he
 sits in his chair he starts to slowly weep.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITECHAPEL - NIGHT.

The streets are busy and the sounds of merriment can be heard
 coming from the Ten Bells pub. Patrons come and go, some
 drunk, some with friends.

Inside the pub, CATHERINE EDDOWES, 46 and ELIZABETH STRIDE,
 44, Londoners, both prostitutes, sit drinking gin.

The bar is full of drunks and off duty soldiers.

ELIZABETH
 See anyone worth catching?

CATHERINE
 Not a one, slow pickings tonight.

ELIZABETH
 Dunno if it would be any better
 on the streets, what with the
 Ripper killing everyone, no-one's
 out and about anymore.

CATHERINE

It's put a proper kibosh on business it has, can't earn a farthing anywhere, I'm gonna be out on my arse if I can't get rent. Here, speaking of money, how much you got Liz?

ELIZABETH

Not much, what about you?

CATHERINE

Enough for one more drink, come on.

They both get up and head to the bar, sizing up potential clients as they go.

INT. TEN BELLS PUB - LATER.

The two women sit together at a table with a couple of YOUNG SOLDIERS.

Laughing and drinking they seem to be getting on quite well.

CATHERINE

What regiment did you say you were in again?

SOLDIER ONE

The Essex Regiment.

ELIZABETH

Where you based then, near here?

SOLDIER TWO

No, Essex funnily enough.

CATHERINE

So you have a bunk to go to tonight then?

SOLDIER ONE

Yeah, his sister's house, she lives near here.

ELIZABETH

Do you lads fancy a quick fumble before going there then?

The soldiers look at each other before laughing.

SOLDIER TWO

No thanks girls, my sister is expecting me home before midnight, we better toddle off before she claps my ear.

The soldiers begin to get up from the table.

CATHERINE

Wait a minute, can't you even spare us a few minutes, we'll make it worth your while.

SOLDIER ONE

No ta, would rather have it off with a rancid moggy.

The soldiers start walking towards the door laughing.

ELIZABETH

(Shouting)

You cheeky bastards, hope you both get blown to kingdom come.

CATHERINE

(Shouting)

Hope you get syphillis.

ELIZABETH

Well Kate, that was a waste of an hour, at least we got a couple of drinks out of it.

CATHERINE

Yeah, but I still ain't got my rent money. I'll be dossing in the streets tomorrow night.

Elizabeth looks around as the bar begins to empty.

ELIZABETH

This place is emptying fast, I got an idea.

CATHERINE

Yeah? What?

ELIZABETH

We've more chance of catching a punter out there than in here right?

CATHERINE

Yeah, but it's dangerous, Jack's lurking about waiting on his next fix.

ELIZABETH

True, but we'll be safe as long as we're together. He won't bother us if we're looking after each other.

Catherine considers the idea.

CATHERINE

What happens if one us clicks?
What then? You gonna listen at
the other side of the fence?

ELIZABETH

If I have too, and you'll do the
same for me.

CATHERINE

It's not the brightest idea
you've ever had but ok. As long
as we're together we should be
ok, right?

ELIZABETH

Right. Come on lets go before the
streets empty too much.

They gather up their belongings and head out into the night.

The streets are now nearly empty.

From the shadows in the street a man watches them leave. Then
follows.

CATHERINE

Where we going then?

ELIZABETH

Let's just shuffle about, I'm
sure we'll find someone.

CATHERINE

Don't sound like much of a plan.

ELIZABETH

You got a better one?

CATHERINE

No but....

ELIZABETH

Didn't think so, come on, we'll
head over towards the Crown and
Anchor, it's always lively down
there.

The women head off in a hurry, closely followed by the man.

As they enter Dutfield's Yard, the man catches up to the
women who are surprised by him.

The man steps into the dull light cast by a gas lamp and
shown to be Jack. His face is partially obscured by his large
hat. His voice is low and hoarse but non threatening.

JACK

Hello ladies, what brings you out
at this time of the morning?

Both women are shocked at the sudden greeting and start to
back away.

JACK (CONT'D)

Don't be afraid, my names Jack,
are you here on.....business?

At this the women stop.

CATHERINE

Maybe. You looking for a little
company?

JACK

Well a man with my looks can't
easily attract women so I get my
jollies where I can. Are you
interested?

The women start to relax.

ELIZABETH

What is you're after? A straight
old stand up or do you have
somewhere to go?

JACK

I think right here will be fine,
who wants to be first?

The women excitedly, quietly discuss options.

Jack reaches behind him and slides his knife out from under
his coat, it glints in the dull lamp light.

Elizabeth steps forward.

ELIZABETH

I'll go first, but let's see the
colour of your coin.

JACK

Oh be rest assured my sweet, it's
all silver.

His left hand suddenly flashes out and cuts Elizabeth's
throat. Blood sprays from the wound. She collapses to the
ground gurgling.

Catherine looks on in horror. Unable to scream she backs away
from him.

Jack removes his hat and she sees his face properly for the
first time. His scarred and mutilated face are horrific in
the lamplight, the little light there is reflects on his
dilated pupils giving them a red glow.

JACK (CONT'D)
I reckon that makes you second.

Jack steps towards Catherine. She looks at Jack and then down at the lifeless body of Elizabeth.

JACK (CONT'D)
I fancy a little kidney tonight.

Catherine turns and runs. Jack hesitates a moment then sets off after her.

She runs through several dark and narrow alleys, unable to breath, she cannot scream for help.

Jack is not far behind her.

She runs out onto an open street., there are lamps lighting parts of the road. She stops to see if anyone is there to help but the street is deserted.

Jack appears at the end of the road and charges towards her, he is lit intermittently by the lamps as he runs under their light.

Catherine, exhausted from running tries to run down an alley again.

Jack catches up to her and drags her into the square at the end of the alley.

She falls to the ground and looks up at him as he lowers himself over her.

CATHERINE
Please, no.

JACK
Too late for you my dear, I need a little something from you, just a little piece of your innards.

Jack slits her throat. She is still alive as he goes about his work mutilating her face and body, his eyes ablaze with a maniacal delight.

As he finishes, he takes a piece of kidney and places it in his pocket. Breathless and bloodied, he skulks off into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. MITRE SQUARE - MORNING.

Detective Constable Dew is at the scene of Catherine's murder.

The ground is awash with blood, her mutilated body exposed to the air.

A crowd has gathered to see the scene. There are murmurs and cries of horror as people see the exposed body.

A police cordon is holding the onlookers back, some of whom are angry and venting towards the cops.

Constable Stewart approaches Dew.

STEWART

The runner is back sir, still no answer.

DEW

Where the bloody hell is he?

STEWART

Doesn't that make you in charge sir?

DEW

Only until he gets here, but Christ alone knows when that will be.

Dew thinks for a minute and looks around the scene, trying to decide where to begin.

DEW (CONT'D)

OK, let's start with the victim. Do we have a name?

STEWART

Not yet sir, it's difficult to identify here with the wounds on her face.

A woman, MARY JANE KELLY, 25, shouts from the crowd.

KELLY

Her name is Kate. Catherine. Catherine Eddowes.

Dew turns to face her and waves her through the police cordon.

DEW

How do you know?

The woman looks like she's about to vomit as she sees the body properly for the first time.

KELLY

The bonnet on her head, I gave it to her last week.

DEW

And who are you?

Kelly hesitates as she bursts out crying.

The crowd becomes more boisterous and angry.

DEW (CONT'D)
Stewart, get the crowd pushed
back, disperse them if you can.

STEWART
Yes sir.

Stewart rushes off towards the cordon.

DEW
(To Kelly)
Miss? Your name.

Kelly dries her eyes and takes a deep breath.

KELLY
Mary Jane Kelly sir.

DEW
And how do you know Ms Eddowes?

KELLY
She was a friend of mine, we
(Beat)
Worked together.

DEW
I know this isn't easy for you
Miss Kelly but we'll need a
statement at the station. Do you
think you're up to it?

Kelly nods.

DEW (CONT'D)
I'll get an officer to take you
down there, anything you can
remember might help us find the
man who killed her.

Dew calls over a police officer.

DEW (CONT'D)
Take her to the station, get a
statement. Be kind to her.

The officer salutes and he leads Kelly away.

Stewart returns.

STEWART
The police surgeon is here sir.

DEW
Thank God.

Police Surgeon FREDERICK GORDON-BROWN, 57, enters the scene
and takes a long look at the body.

BROWN

My God.

Dew comes over to introduce himself.

DEW

Detective Constable Dew sir,
sorry to get you out of bed so
early in the morning.

Brown reaches out and shakes his hand.

BROWN

Gordon-Brown. Who could do such a
thing?

DEW

That's what I'd like to know. I'd
be interested in your thoughts.

Brown continues to stare at the body then moves around it.

BROWN

Dew. Did you say Dew? I thought
Detective Inspector Abberline was
in charge of these cases?

DEW

He is sir but he's not available
at present. For the time being,
until he gets here, I'm in
charge.

BROWN

Fair enough, get your notebook
ready, I'll tell you what I can
see but I'll give you a more
detailed report when I get her
back to the mortuary for a post
mortem.

DEW

Thank you.

He takes his notebook from his pocket and begins writing with
a pencil.

BROWN

Cause of death appears,
initially, to be a laceration
across the throat. The abdomen is
slit open and bowels have been
exposed and laid around the body.
There is great evidence of blood
in the surrounding area and clots
of blood exist around the wounds.

DEW

What do you make of that?

BROWN

That's your job to decipher detective, it's my duty to report the cause of death and post mortem findings, not to do your investigating for you. But I'd say she hasn't been dead for longer than a few hours.

Dew bristles at the rebuke but continues to write.

BROWN (CONT'D)

There are markings upon the cheeks below the eyes and the left ear is missing.

Brown stops and takes a breath.

BROWN (CONT'D)

Are you sure she wasn't maimed by an animal?

DEW

An animal of the most dangerous kind, human.

Police officer Wilson pushes through the cordon and rushes towards Dew.

WILSON

Sir, there's another one.

Dew looks horrified and afraid.

DEW

Where the hell is Abberline?

CUT TO:

INT. ABBERLINE'S HOUSE - SAME MORNING

Martha is dead. The bed sheets cover her face.

Abberline sits at a table with his head in his hands crying. He is a broken man, the love of his life is gone.

His door is constantly being hammered but he refuses to open it or the curtains which are closed.

Rising he goes to the kitchen and takes out a knife. Returning to the table he pulls up the sleeves of his shirt and places the knife against his wrist.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITECHAPEL - LATER

Libby and George walk among the crowded streets.

Newspaper vendors hold up the latest copy of the local newspaper announcing the latest murders that morning.

Libby is scared as George supports her through the throngs.

GEORGE

It's been a week now Libby, we
have get you back on your feet.

LIBBY

He's killed again. I want to go
home George.

GEORGE

It's broad daylight and I'm here,
he can't get you today or
tomorrow or any other day. I'll
protect you from him.

Libby looks uncertain but holds herself tighter against him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Come on, let's get some fruit.

They head over to a fruit stall and George starts talking to the seller.

Libby starts to see shadows in the crowd. The shadows take on the shape of a man. Then they start moving through the crowds menacingly.

The crowd stops moving as the shadows start weaving their way towards them.

All the faces in the crowd turn to look turn to stare at Libby as they suddenly turn to tortured countenances and start screaming.

The shadows move closer to Libby as she shrinks down before them. As they get closer she closes here eyes, screams and puts her hands up to defend herself.

GEORGE

Libby? I asked if you wanted
oranges.

She looks at George and then around her, everything seems normal.

LIBBY

What does gin taste like?

GEORGE

What?

LIBBY

Take me to the pub, I think I
need a drink.

GEORGE

But you don't drink my love.

LIBBY

I do now.

Libby grabs George by the hand and moves through the crowd
towards the nearest pub.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NEXT MORNING

Dew is in Abberline's office reading the reports from the two
post mortem reports. He is clearly overwhelmed.

The door opens and Commissioner Warren enters.

Dew jumps to attention.

DEW

Sir. What brings you down here?

WARREN

You've heard about Abberline?

DEW

Yes sir, terrible shame, we've
sent him a telegram.

Warren pulls up a seat at the desk.

WARREN

Have a seat Dew.

Dew sits.

WARREN (CONT'D)

How is the investigation going?

DEW

I'm just going through the
reports of the last two murders.

WARREN

Any leads on this Jack the
Ripper?

DEW

Only from the one who survived
sir, Libby Parsons. She gave a
decent description and a name
even although the names don't
match.

WARREN

But it's still something.

DEW

But it's not enough. I've read these reports three times and I can't see anything that would help us. If Inspector Abberline was here, I'm sure he would find something. He's always telling me to read the reports but for the life of me I can't see anything.

WARREN

He does has a particular insight to these things. Do you need more help?

DEW

The men from F division have been a great help but we're still getting nowhere. He seems to slip in and out of these streets completely unseen.

WARREN

But you've had some descriptions?

DEW

Yes, but none match. If we could get two the same we might be able to narrow it down but.....nothing.

Warren sighs then stands, Dew follows his lead.

WARREN

Keep me appraised of the situation Dew, Abberline hopefully will be back soon to help.

DEW

Hopefully sir.

The door is suddenly opened and Stewart enters.

STEWART

Sir.

He notices Warren standing close to the door and straightens up.

WARREN

What is it constable?

STEWART

We've just had a runner from the Central News Agency office sir. They've received a postcard, they think it's from the Ripper.

Warren and Dew exchange glances.

WARREN

Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. EDITOR'S OFFICE - LATER

JOHN PETTIFER, 55, an obese man sits behind his desk holding a handkerchief to his nose.

On his desk is the postcard covered in blood from Jack the Ripper.

There are two more reporters in the room, both look disgusted at what's on the desk.

PETTIFER

It's disgusting, but this is sensation. This will boost circulation by hundreds if not thousands of copies.

The two reporters just nod in agreement.

Pettifer starts pounding in the desk

PETTIFER (CONT'D)

This is the biggest news of the year so far and we have it here in front of us. This is a great day for this organisation. It's a sensation.

The door opens and Warren, Dew and Stewart enter.

WARREN

Who's in charge here?

Pettifer stands to face the newcomers.

PETTIFER

I am, who are you?

WARREN

Commissioner Warren of Her Majesty's Police. I hear you've had a communication from a suspect who may have committed some recent murders.

PETTIFER

You mean the Jack the Ripper killings, then yes, I have a postcard which was written by him.

Pettifer indicates the postcard on his desk and gives a quiet signal to his reporters to start documenting the conversation.

WARREN

I'm confiscating this evidence to be used in the ongoing investigation into the recent murder of prostitutes in the Whitechapel area, Dew.

Dew walks over and picks up the postcard and reads it.

DEW

It's from him sir, it's genuine.

WARREN

How can you be certain?

PETTIFER

Well it's signed Jack the bleeding Ripper, what more evidence do you need?

DEW

Anyone could have signed that.

WARREN

So what makes you so sure it's really from him then?

DEW

He references himself in the postcard sir, Saucy Jacky. That's the name he gave to Miss Parsons, the woman who survived.

PETTIFER

There was a survivor? Who is she? Where can we interview her?

Dew steps forward to confront Pettifer face to face.

DEW

If you compromise this investigation just so you can sell more newspapers you'll deal with me personally, no one and I mean no one, goes near her. Am I clear on this?

Dew turns to face down the other two reporters.

DEW (CONT'D)
 (Shouting)
 Am I?

All three men nod as Dew and Stewart walk from the room.

Warren turns to leave then hesitates. He faces Pettifer.

WARREN
 I wouldn't bring him up on
 charges if
 anything....unfortunate happened
 to you should word of
 this...leak. Goodbye gentlemen.

Warren leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Jack lies on his bed naked. He is breathing heavily and coughing. He turns to look upwards and tries to scream but only an anguished gurgle escapes.

He reaches his arms up, his left hand is formed but his right hand is mangled and he is barely able to move his fingers.

His body is racked with pain as he continues to cough.

CUT TO:

INT. TEN BELLS PUB - AFTERNOON

The pub is almost empty with just a few customers scattered throughout.

Libby and George are sitting at a table covered with empty glasses. Libby is clearly drunk.

George is trying to get her to leave.

GEORGE
 It's time to go, come on, let's
 go home.

LIBBY
 One more my petal. Another bottle
 and then we'll go.

GEORGE
 You've had enough, all you've
 done is drink for the past two
 weeks.

LIBBY

You're no fun anymore, where's the man I want to marry? Where's fun George?

GEORGE

I'm still here, but I'm wondering where the woman I love has gone. You haven't been at work, you don't help around the house and all you do is drink. I worry about you.

Libby sits and listens, she seems to contemplate what he's saying.

A bearded man at the bar is watching the exchange.

LIBBY

Piss off George, you don't know what I've been through.

GEORGE

I have been with you through all of this, the nightmares, the sweats, the tears, I've been here. I know it's difficult Libby, but it's hard for me too. A man I can fight, but this....I don't know what else I should be doing.

Libby looks hard at George and burst out crying.

LIBBY

Oh George, what's happening to me? I'm scared all the time. I'm angry all the time. I just want to hit out at something, someone.

George moves around the table to comfort her.

GEORGE

I do too, if I could get my hands on the bastard that did this to you I'd throttle him, but until then, we only have each other.

The bearded man walks over to the table. It's Abberline. He's been drinking and he looks shabby and unkempt.

ABBERLINE

Can I join you?

George looks up at him with distrust and moves in between him and Libby.

Libby looks up and through the tears she finally recognises who it is.

LIBBY
Fred? Is that you?

GEORGE
Do you know this guy?

Abberline goes to shake George's hand but he ignores it.

ABBERLINE
My name is Fred Abberline.

GEORGE
Should that mean anything to me?

LIBBY
This is the man trying to catch
the ripper George, he helped me
after I was attacked.

George relaxes slightly.

ABBERLINE
I was trying to catch him, I'm no
longer involved in that
investigation.

GEORGE
(angrily)
Why? Why aren't you out there
tracking down the maniac that did
this to my Libby?

Libby tries to calm him down.

LIBBY
Let him talk.
(sarcastic)
I'm sure he has his reasons for
not trying to capture my
attacker.

Abberline places a bottle of gin on the table and pours Libby
a drink.

GEORGE
What do you think you're doing?
I'm trying to get her off this
muck.

ABBERLINE
One more won't kill her.

Libby takes the proffered drink and sips at it.

LIBBY
You never struck me as a drinking
man Fred.

ABBERLINE

I could have said the same about you Miss Parsons.

LIBBY

Well I know what changed for me, what changed for you?

Abberline considers his response and takes a long drink of gin.

ABBERLINE

My wife died.

Libby and George look saddened at the admission.

GEORGE

I'm sorry.

LIBBY

I'm sorry to hear that, you must have loved her very much.

ABBERLINE

She was the love of my life. I thought I couldn't go on without her.

LIBBY

Is that why you drink now?

ABBERLINE

(quietly)
Yes.

GEORGE

So who's in charge of the ripper case then?

ABBERLINE

Someone else.

GEORGE

Don't take this the wrong way Fred, but we have enough to trouble us, why the hell did you bring your troubles over to our table?

ABBERLINE

I heard you talking. I think I can help you.

Libby and George look at each other.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMISSIONER WARREN'S OFFICE - DAY.

A large office full of oak furniture.

Warren sits behind his large desk.

Dew sits in front.

WARREN

It's been over two weeks since
the last attacks and that
postcard. Where are we at?

A tired looking Dew shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

DEW

Officially sir, we're not much
further forward. The public have
gave us a few names and we've
looked into them but their alibis
are sound.

WARREN

Does anyone you've interviewed
have any history of violence,
patterns, similarities to the
murders, anything?

DEW

No sir. We made our best progress
when Inspector Abberline was
here, but since he's on extended
leave it's stalled.

WARREN

Maybe we should recall him?

DEW

I'm not sure that would be
helpful sir, a couple of the lads
saw him coming out of a few of
the pubs in the area, he didn't
appear to be too steady if you
get my meaning.

WARREN

Quite. Do you have anything I can
give to the Home Office? I'm fed
up being cross examined every
time I go there with nothing to
report.

DEW

I'm sorry sir, we are trying, we've increased patrols in the area, we're going door to door, we've researchers going through hundreds of files looking for a clue. It's a massive manhunt, but nothing.

Warren takes a deep breath and relaxes back in his chair.

WARREN

Do you think he's finished?

DEW

I hope so, although I'm not sure he has.

WARREN

Does this hiatus fit with his previous break?

DEW

There was three weeks between murders at the start of this sir, so we've yet to see. Once we get to two ripper murder free months then I think I'll relax.

WARREN

Me too. There must be something we're missing.

Warren gets up to pace his office.

WARREN (CONT'D)

He has a history, a story, a reason for these acts. We just don't know what it is yet.

DEW

None of the usual reasons for murder are presenting themselves, we're at a loss.

WARREN

Keep at it Dew, if you come across anything let me know. Back to the station with you.

DEW

Yes sir.

Dew leaves as Warren goes back to his desk and lifts a report.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWNHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Libby is back at work scrubbing the kitchen floor.

Mrs Davies is cooking while Mr Spencer is polishing cutlery.

MR GORDON, 65, short but distinguished with a close cropped beard enters the kitchen.

GORDON

Good afternoon Libby, how are you?

Everyone suddenly jumps up, Libby spills water over the floor from the bucket.

LIBBY

I'm ok Mr Gordon, thanks for asking.

The water on the floor starts to inch towards Mr Gordon's shoes, he doesn't notice but Libby does.

SPENCER

She's settling in well, it's like she was never away.

DAVIES

It's good to have her back Mr Gordon, we've missed her.

Davies walks over and gives Libby a hug.

The water inches closer to Mr Gordon's shoes. Libby starts to get agitated.

GORDON

Well Mrs Gordon and I are glad to have you back with us Libby, the house hasn't been the same without you.

Gordon gives a little wink towards Spencer who gently nods.

The water is now at Gordon's shoe.

LIBBY

That's very kind of you to say.....

Libby suddenly breaks away from Mrs Davies and darts towards the water on the floor.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

(angrily)

...for the love of fuck will you step back from the water.

Gordon steps back in shock while Davies and Spencer look on in horror.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Get back, get back from the water
it'll soak your shoes, I'm sorry,
I'm so so sorry Mr Gordon sir,
I'll clean them, I'll fix them
for you.

Libby starts starts soaking up the water with her pinafore
and trying to dry Gordon's shoes with a cloth.

Gordon looks at Spencer not knowing what to do.

Spencer steps forward and lifts Libby from the floor.

SPENCER

There now Miss Parson's it's
alright, we'll clean the floor.

GORDON

They're only shoes Libby, I can
easily replace them, please don't
fret about them.

Libby looks from face to face and bursts into tears.

DAVIES

I think you need to go home my
dear.

Gordon looks to Spencer and nods.

GORDON

Take her home, she's not ready to
be here.

Spencer nods and leads Libby away.

GORDON

Poor girl, we'll keep her job
open for her until she's fit to
return, hire in some temporary
help if you need Mrs Davies.

DAVIES

Yes Mr Gordon, thank you.

Gordon leaves.

Mrs Davies stands for a moment and then goes back to cooking.
There are tears in her eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - LATER

A horse drawn cab pulls up outside the house and Libby gets
out.

She walks to the front door, pulls out her keys and goes in.
George is sitting drinking tea.

GEORGE
(surprised)
Libby, what are you doing here?

LIBBY
I couldn't do it George, I lost
the plot at Mr Gordon, shouting
and swearing at him.

She goes to the kettle and pours a cup of tea.

GEORGE
Do you think you've lost your
job?

LIBBY
No, Mr Spencer spoke to Mr
Gordon, he says they'll keep the
job for me, I just need a little
more time.

GEORGE
That's good of them, they're a
good family and work mates you
have there.

LIBBY
I know it. I feel bad letting
them down.

GEORGE
After what you've been through
they'll understand
(beat)
Have you given any more thought
to what Fred said?

Libby sits at the table beside George.

LIBBY
A little, what do you think?

GEORGE
It's a risk, but if he's right
and it makes you better then I'm
all for it. Could be the extra
time off is exactly what you
need.

LIBBY
If Fred's plan is to work I'll
need the time. And a gun.

GEORGE

The gun is Fred's department,
you're mine.

LIBBY

I want the bastard George, what
he's done to me makes me want to
hurt him real bad.

GEORGE

I feel the same. We'll speak to
Fred, we'll put things straight.

Libby sips her tea and nods, a grim determination on her
face.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

In the office of the Whitechapel Vigilance Committee, GEORGE
LUSK, 47, thin and wiry, nervously stands in a corner.

Dew and Stewart stand beside a table.

On it is a box, a letter and piece of human tissue.

LUSK

It arrive this morning, I nearly
spewed my breakfast when I saw
it.

DEW

You did well in informing us
straight away, we can take it
from here.

Stewart lifts the letter and reads it.

STEWART

From hell. It says from hell.

DEW

Package this up and we'll take it
to Dr Brown, we'll need him to
tell us what this is.

LUSK

I need protection, he knows where
I am.

DEW

Maybe if your organisation hadn't
been witch hunting us these past
few weeks we might be inclined to
consider your request but as it
stands your on your own.

Stewart has packaged up the items and leaves.

DEW (CONT'D)
 And anyway, you're safe, he only
 kills women.

Dew leaves and catches up to Stewart who is getting into the
 back of a police wagon with the package.

DEW
 He's back. Just when I thought I
 could sleep again this comes up.

STEWART
 We don't know it's him, we've had
 hundreds of prank letters.

DEW
 Yes, but none has been delivered
 here before, or with a piece of
 intestine or whatever it is.

STEWART
 It might not be human, could be
 pig or horse.

DEW
 I bloody well hope so Stewart, I
 bloody well hope so.

Dew looks at the driver of the the wagon.

DEW (CONT'D)
 Take us to the mortuary.

Dew climbs into the wagon as it shudderingly moves away.

CUT TO:

INT. ABBERLINE'S HOUSE - MORNING

A bearded Abberline looks in the mirror at himself and sees a
 drawn, tired man.

He washes his face and takes a pair of scissors which were on
 the table in front of him.

Grabbing a clutch of hair, he starts cutting the beard.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITECHAPEL - NIGHT

Jack stalks the streets.

Pedestrians, workers and revellers go about their business as
 he watches from deep within the shadows.

Frustrated he heads deeper into his usual hunting ground. Standing opposite the Ten Bells pub, he watches prostitutes come and go with their clients.

Mary Kelly emerges from the pub unaccompanied and very drunk. She staggers from the pub into the darkness and Jack follows. He slowly approaches her.

JACK
Hello dearie.

Kelly is initially surprised but quickly recovers.

KELLY
Hello my lovely, you looking for love?

JACK
Are you selling?

KELLY
That I am lover but it'll cost you sixpence.

Jack gets close enough to Kelly that she can see him. She is shocked but her need for money is greater.

JACK
I'll give you a crown, but it's a little cold out here, have you somewhere warm to bed down?

Kelly relaxes realising she should be safe at home.

KELLY
Follow me then lover, it's not far.

They walk through several streets and alleys until they get to Kelly's room in Millers Court.

As they enter she lights a candle and hums a tune.

Jack takes off his jacket, his knife handle is visible tucked into the back of his trousers.

Kelly starts to dance to the tune and moves closer to Jack.

The light from the candle reflects in his eyes which burn bright red.

Kelly suddenly realises she is in danger and cries out.

KELLY
Murder!

Jack reaches behind him, takes out his knife and slashes her throat.

Kelly clutches at her throat and staggers towards the bed where she collapses.

As she lies dying, Jack shifts the blade to his right hand and starts cutting at her abdomen.

He continues to slash, removing her organs, maniacally cutting at her face and arms. As he does so he mumbles to himself, reaching a fever pitch, covered in blood and organs, he collapses on top of Kelly.

Getting up he cuts away some organs and places them in his jacket pocket.

As he leaves he looks behind him and smiles as best he can with his mangled face.

CUT TO:

EXT. KELLY'S ROOM - MORNING

Dew is outside the room leaning against a wall retching. He has already vomited and it lies in a pool at his feet.

Stewart stands beside him looking pale.

A crowd is being held back by a police cordon.

Commissioner Warren appears on the scene.

WARREN

Dew, is it bad?

Dew only nods and gestures inside.

Warren enters the room and witnesses a scene of utter horror.

Kelly lies mutilated on the bed, blood is splattered all over the walls, intestines and organs are spread around the room.

Warren recoils and retreats from the room.

WARREN (CONT'D)

In the name of God. Are we even sure it's human?

Dew nods.

DEW

Neighbour identifies her as Mary Jane Kelly. The name is familiar to me, I'll look it up back at the station.

STEWART

If it's the same woman then she helped identify the last victim, Eddowes.

WARREN

Is this the link we've been looking for? Does he know these women?

Dew wipes his mouth and moves away from the wall.

DEW

Possibly but it's too early to say.

WARREN

But if the last two victims knew each other then we have to look closely into that, find out who their acquaintances are, their clients, where they tout for business. There has to be something by Christ.

Dew is overwhelmed by this, he snaps.

DEW

(shouting)

Yes, there must be something. We owe it to that poor soul in there to find this maniac, we'll investigate, we'll question, we'll search and we'll document and if we're lucky we'll find a clue that's useful. What the hell do you think we've been doing? Do you think this is what I wanted?

Warren marches over to Dew and hisses in his ear.

WARREN

Mind your tone Constable, the people are watching, we have to give them something. Can't you feel the tension in the air?

Dew is suddenly aware of the crowd and begins to settle down. Looking at the terrified faces of the onlookers, he recognises one, Abberline.

Abberline steps forward from the crowd, a policeman stops him but Dew waves him through.

ABBERLINE

The murders are coincidental Commissioner, not related. The fact that they knew each other is unfortunate, but I don't see any pattern here.

WARREN

You've not been involved in this investigation for weeks now, how the bloody hell could you possibly know this is just an unfortunate coincidence?

ABBERLINE

I've been at the station all night reviewing the case.

(To Dew)

You've done a great job William, I think there is enough information gathered to help catch him.

Dew grabs Abberline's hand and shakes vigorously.

DEW

It's so good to see you Fred, so, so good.

ABBERLINE

It's taken me a while to get over Martha, but I'm back, and I'm ready to put an end to this monster.

DEW

That's music to my ears sir.

Abberline allows a brief smile before turning to the commissioner.

ABBERLINE

I've a meeting to go to, please be so kind as to meet me in my office this afternoon, you too William. I have a plan in mind. Carry on here and bring as much information with you as you can.

Abberline leaves while Warren and Dew just look at each other.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBBY'S HOUSE - LATER

Abberline sits with Libby and George around a table.

ABBERLINE

There was another murder this morning.

Libby gasps as George just looks away.

GEORGE
Was it bad?

ABBERLINE
The worst yet.

LIBBY
Another prostitute?

ABBERLINE
Yes.
(beat)
Have you thought about it?

Libby and George exchange a look.

LIBBY
Yes.

GEORGE
We're in, did you get the gun?

ABBERLINE
I have it and I'll show you how to use it. This is dangerous Miss Parsons, you have to be absolutely sure of what I've asked you to do.

LIBBY
I'm sure, I want him dead and if this lets me sleep at night, I'll pull the trigger as often as I have to kill him.

ABBERLINE
Good, I'll contact you later with some details. Try to rest. We have a few busy nights ahead.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Warren, Dew and Stewart wait in Abberline's office.

The desk and floors are strewn with papers.

No one speaks as Abberline enters.

ABBERLINE
Thank you for waiting gentlemen. I've been reviewing the reports and interviews conducted and compiled these past few weeks and now I have an idea on who we should be looking for.

Abberline clears a section around his desk and starts arranging files for the others to read.

ABBERLINE (CONT'D)

Gather round.

The others walk over to the table.

ABBERLINE

We had already established that he was left handed and local to the area, agreed.

DEW

Yes sir.

WARREN

What else have you came up with?

ABBERLINE

Do you remember me telling you he was confident, arrogant and that would help us find him?

WARREN

Yes, but what else?

ABBERLINE

From Miss Parson's testimony, he is scarred, mutilated even, that tells me he is not popular with women, he's a loner and can't function with women as a normal man would. This is why he chooses prostitutes, he can get close to them by offering them the money they need.

DEW

Then why target Miss Parsons?

ABBERLINE

He made a mistake, she didn't require anything from him so was always on her guard, having silver candlesticks was a bonus, something a prostitute wouldn't normally carry, so she could fight him off.

WARREN

You spoke about the first letter to me, have you read the other two?

ABBERLINE

Yes, and I believe they are from the same man.

(MORE)

ABBERLINE (CONT'D)

Although the writing appears slightly different and the language is off in the From Hell letter, what he describes no-one else who isn't a in on the investigation would know.

DEW

What about the theory of his anatomical knowledge, that he's a doctor?

ABBERLINE

I think he has knowledge but isn't a proper doctor. The mutilations are inconsistent with the precision of a surgeon but he knows where to cut.

DEW

It sounds like you're beginning to know him.

ABBERLINE

And the more we know, the easier it is to catch him.

WARREN

So you think you can catch him?

ABBERLINE

I have a plan in operation as we speak to catch him, but before I use that option, I'd rather track him down first.

WARREN

So where do we begin?

ABBERLINE

We're looking for a local man, confident, sadistic, easy with women but having to pay for contact with them because of his scarred face. He wouldn't be that confident if he was always deformed so it's relatively new set of injuries. He has a decent education but his writing skills are compromised, his dominant hand may not be functional, that's why he uses his off hand.

DEW

And he has some medical knowledge. So put that all together and what do we get?

WARREN

Name me a profession where you need education, medical skill but can be quickly disfigured and injured.

ABBERLINE

That's exactly the man we're looking for and to my mind there's only one job around that suits. William, have you looked into the army records?

DEW

No. What would I ask them for?

ABBERLINE

A local man who was recently discharged with disfiguring injuries, who was possibly a medic or an orderly.

Warren looks in wonderment at Abberline's logic as Dew rushes from the room.

ABBERLINE (CONT'D)

If the army come up with a name, we might just have our man.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITECHAPEL - NIGHT

A confident Libby walks through the streets alone carrying a small bag.

Passers-by ignore as she casually strolls from pub to pub.

She has the occasional suitor approach her but she waves them off, sometimes with a quick argument and insult.

She walks all night until the sun comes up.

As the sun rises, she walks to a nearby alley where George and Abberline are waiting.

LIBBY

Nothing, again. That's the third night in a row and he hasn't shown.

ABBERLINE

Patience Miss Parsons, when he shows we'll be waiting for him. He might not come out for weeks or tonight could be the night.

GEORGE

And we're behind you all the way,
ready to nab him when he does
show.

LIBBY

Nab him? Nab him? I want him
dead.

ABBERLINE

If we can take him alive then
he'll go to trial, but if we
can't.....

LIBBY

Then the bastard dies.

GEORGE

Fair enough. Good enough for you
Inspector?

ABBERLINE

That's the agreement.

(To Libby)

Are you happy you know how to use
the gun I gave you?

LIBBY

I think so, I've never fired one
before but it's straight forward,
point and squeeze the trigger.

ABBERLINE

That's it. Now I suggest you both
get home and get some rest, we do
this again tonight and every
night until this is over.

LIBBY

Yes Fred.

GEORGE

What about you? Are you going
home?

ABBERLINE

No, I'm off to the station, the
work doesn't stop for me when the
sun rises. Get some rest, I'll
meet you here tonight.

They head off in different directions.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Dew is standing at the front desk talking to the sergeant as Abberline walks in.

ABBERLINE

Do you have something?

Dew runs to catch up with him as he heads to his office.

DEW

Yes and no sir, yes we've contacted the ministry of defence for access to their records, no we haven't had anything back from them. They're dragging their heels.

ABBERLINE

Keep on at them, get Warren to use his contacts in the Home Office if necessary.

DEW

How is the undercover work coming along sir?

ABBERLINE

Slow but Miss Parsons seems to have developed a knack for it.

DEW

Street-walking?

ABBERLINE

Yes, it's like she's a different person when she carries that small bag of hers.

DEW

Might be something to do with the pistol in it.

ABBERLINE

Maybe.

They reach Abberline's office where he sits at his desk.

DEW

The Kelly post mortem report is at the top.

ABBERLINE

Thanks.

Dew turns to leave.

ABBERLINE (CONT'D)

Could you grab me a cuppa
William, get yourself one too and
come join me, let's go over this
together.

DEW

Yes sir.

Dew leaves and Abberline picks up the report.

INT. ABBERLINE'S OFFICE - EVENING

Abberline is asleep on the desk. Dew wakes him.

DEW

Sir, it's time.

Abberline groggily awakes.

ABBERLINE

What time is it?

DEW

Nearly eight sir, I believe you
have an appointment in an hour.

ABBERLINE

Anything new?

DEW

As a matter of fact there is,
Commissioner Warren cam through,
there's a file on the desk from
the Ministry of Defence. It's
sealed and for your eyes only so
I didn't open it.

Abberline lurches up quickly and scans his desk for the file.
Finding it, he rips open the ribbon holding it together and
starts reading.

Dew watches as Abberline reads and takes notes on a pad
beside him and gets more excitable.

ABBERLINE

This has to be him, it has to be.
Dew.

DEW

Yes sir.

ABBERLINE

Go to the files and see if we
have interviewed this man, John
Sutton, get me an address.

(MORE)

ABBERLINE (CONT'D)

And if we haven't get me an address for him anyway. And get me some men, we're going to catch Jack the Ripper.

Dew hurries off.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Libby and George wait in an alley. There's no sign of Abberline.

GEORGE

We can't do this without him.

LIBBY

Yes we can, he knows the route we'll take, he can catch up to us.

GEORGE

What if he doesn't, can we take this guy on ourselves?

LIBBY

Take him on? I've no intention of taking him on, I intend to fire every bullet in this gun into his face.

GEORGE

If you're sure, let's go, I'll be behind you, stay strong my love.

They kiss before Libby walks on ahead.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE WAGON - NIGHT

Abberline, Dew, Stewart and other officers are in the back of a horse drawn police wagon as it makes it's way through the night.

ABBERLINE

John Sutton, 45, army medic, served in Afghanistan. He was captured by the Afghans and mutilated, his face, body, limbs and his groin. Rescued during a counter attack, they found him barely alive.

DEW

How the hell did he survive?

ABBERLINE

I don't know, but during his recovery he broke down several times, he was admitted to an asylum twice but was let go. He was discharged from army care and pay six months ago.

STEWART

Sounds like he had a rough time of it, but how can we be sure it's him?

ABBERLINE

After he was released from the asylum the first time, his fiancée cut all ties with him. And that's probably why he has a hatred for women.

DEW

Orders for when we get there sir?

ABBERLINE

Find him, catch him and if he resists arrest, kill him.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITECHAPEL - NIGHT

Libby once again resumes her walk through the streets. Not far behind in the shadows, George watches.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Abberline and the officers arrive at the address. Charging upstairs and they burst through the door given as Sutton's address.

The room is empty

It's a single room with a bed, desk and chair. In the corner are jars containing pieces of tissue.

Clothes are folded neatly the opposite corner.

STEWART

Looks like no-one is here sir.

DEW

Go to the neighbours, find out what they know. Get this stuff packed up and back to the station.

Abberline looks around as a sudden realisation hits him.

ABBERLINE

Libby.

He rushes from the room as Dew and Stewart look on.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITECHAPEL - NIGHT

Libby continues her street walk, she refuses the advances of some suitors, George follows on behind in the shadow.

Behind George, stalking the same shadows he does, Jack follows.

Streets away, Abberline runs as fast as he can towards them.

Libby turns down a dark alleyway, there is very little light. As she walks, she puts her hand in her bag and feels the gun, it reassures her to continue.

George turns into the alley and follows. He is suddenly aware of a presence behind him. As he turns to look, light catches the glint off a knife as it slashes against his throat. George's hand's come up as blood spouts from the wound and he collapses to the ground.

Jack now follows behind Libby.

Abberline continues his race through the streets.

Halfway into the alley, Libby hears a noise behind her and half turns but she knows its George so she smiles and walks on.

A few steps further she hears heavy breathing and then the hoarse voice of Jack.

JACK

Well well well, if it isn't the
maid. Changed jobs have you?

She recoils in horror and fear at the looming presence.

JACK

I seem to remember you owe me a
liver my lover.

Libby fumbles in her bag but the gun gets caught in the strap.

Jack shows her his knife, still dripping with George's blood.

He continues to advance, backing her up against a wall while she continues to fumble with the gun.

JACK
I'm gonna slice you up nice and pretty.

Libby manages to free the gun but drops it.

LIBBY
No.

Jack moves closer to her and raises the knife.

Abberline turns the corner into the alley and sees George lying on the ground. He quickly examines him and finds him dead.

Libby raises her knee suddenly and catches Jack in the groin, he barely flinches.

JACK
Nothing down there to kick, now I'm gonna have your eyes too.

Jack points the knife at Libby's eyes and moves it slowly forward. She stands defiantly against him, refusing to scream.

LIBBY
Die in hell you crazy bastard.

JACK
You first.

Jack slices the skin beneath Libby's right eye and moves the knife to her left as suddenly Abberline charges into Jack knocking him to the ground.

Abberline and Jack are on the ground fighting as Libby is on her knees frantically searching for the gun.

Jack slashes out and cuts Abberline across the face, Abberline lies on his back, blood pouring from the cut as Jack kneels above him, ready to bring the knife down.

A gunshot rings out loud and violent, Jack is thrown to the side as the bullet hits his shoulder. Jack gets up and staggers from the alley, groggily Abberline gets up and looks at Libby.

ABBERLINE
Are you ok?

LIBBY
Yes, get the bastard, I need to find George.

Abberline takes off after Jack.

They run through the streets, Jack bouncing off walls as he loses blood, Abberline constantly wiping blood from his eyes.

They pass by a man pulling a horse and cart.

ABBERLINE
(shouting)
Find the police, tell them to get
here fast.

The man looks shocked but runs off.

Jack runs towards the Thames and is standing on a dock, it's poorly lit but enough to see what's happening.

Abberline corners him.

ABBERLINE
It's over John.

Jack is breathing heavily and coughing.

The sound of police whistles echo through the night.

JACK
Nobody calls me John anymore, my
name is Jack.

ABBERLINE
The police are coming John,
there's no way out.

Abberline inches towards him.

ABBERLINE (CONT'D)
Put the knife down, come with me,
I can help you.

JACK
What do you know? How can you
help me now? You don't know what
I've done, what I've been
through.

ABBERLINE
Let me understand, talk to me.

Jack raises the knife defensively.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. SERIES OF FLASHBACKS

A tall and handsome John Sutton talks easily with a group of women at a party.

JACK (V.O.)
I was adored.

John same party laughing and drinking.

JACK (V.O) (CONT'D)
I was admired.

John kissing a woman.

JACK (V.O) (CONT'D)
I was loved. And the war took
that away from me.

John being tortured and mutilated in a cave, screaming in
pain and agony.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And then everything changed, I
was abandoned.

John in a field hospital as doctors work around him.

On a ship to England in agony.

In an English hospital covered in bandages, the woman he was
kissing standing by his side and crying, then walking away.

In an asylum, wounds healed but horribly scarred and
obviously in severe distress and being placed in a straight
jacket.

JACK (V.O) (CONT'D)
I was left with nothing.
(shouting)
NOTHING.

A scarred and mutilated John being discharged from hospital.

Renting a room, his face hidden by a large hat.

Out at night trying to hire prostitutes but being laughed at.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
So I took my revenge on them, one
by one, I showed them, one by one
Saucy Jack got his own back.

Jack killing women and cutting them up, laughing and smiling
as he slaughters and mutilates them.

ABBERLINE
It's done now. You won't hurt
anyone anymore.

Jack takes a step towards Abberline and raises the knife.

JACK
Except you.

Jack suddenly rushes towards Abberline.
A shot rings out and Jack stumbles, three more shots quickly
follow and Jack collapses on the dock.

Blood is now gushing from wounds over Jack's body as he lies dying. Unable to speak, he tries to mouth the words.

Abberline comes to stand over him. He is joined by Libby who points the gun directly at Jack's face.

LIBBY
For George.

She pulls the trigger.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITECHAPEL - DAY.

It's been several weeks. Abberline walks through the streets thronging with people. a large scar now runs across his face.

He comes to Libby's door and knocks on it.

Libby answers, she's obviously been crying.

ABBERLINE
I think I can help you.

Libby moves to the side and allows Abberline to enter.

FADE OUT.

THE END